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AULD REIKIE,

Fergusson (R)
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A

P O E M,

By R. FERGUSSON.

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AULD REIKIE,

A

P O E M.

C A N T O I.

AULD REIKIE, wale o' ilka Town
That SCOTLAND kens beneath the Moon;
Whare couthy Chiels at E'ening meet
Their bizzing CRAIGS and MOUS to weet;
And blythly gar auld Care gae bye
Wi' blinkit and wi' bleering Eye:
O'er lang frae thee the Muse has been
Sae frisky on the SIMMER'S Green,
Whan Flowers and Gowans wont to glent
In bonny Blinks upo' the Bent;
But now the LEAVES a Yellow die,
Peel'd frae the BRANCHES, quickly fly;
And now frae nouthur Bush nor Brier
The spreckl'd MAVIS greets your Ear;
Nor bonny Blackbird SKIMS and ROVES
To seek his Love in yonder Groves.

THEN, REIKIE, welcome! Thou canst charm
Unfleggit by the Year's Alarm ;
Not Boreas, that fae snelly blows,
Dare here pap in his angry Nose :
Thanks to our DADS, whase biggin stands
A Shelter to furrounding Lands.

Now Morn, with bonny Purpie-smiles,
Kisses the Air-cock o' St. Giles ;
Rakin their Ein, the Servant Lasses
Early begin their Lies and Clashes ;
Ilk tells her Friend of saddest Distress,
That still she brooks frae scouling Mistress ;
And with her Joe in Turnpike Stair
She'd rather snuff the stinking Air,
As be subjected to her Tongue,
When justly censur'd in the Wrong.

ON Stair wi' TUB, or PAT in Hand,
The Barefoot HOUSEMAIDS looe to stand,
That antrin Fock may ken how SNELL
Auld Reikie will at MORNING SMELL :
Then, with an INUNDATION BIG as
The BURN that 'neath the NORE LOCH BRIG is,
They kindly shower EDINA's Roses,
To QUICKEN and REGALE our NOSES.
Now some for this, wi' Satyr's Leesh,
Ha'e gi'en auld Edinburgh a Creech:
But without Souring nocht is sweet ;
The Morning smells that hail our Street,
Prepare, and gently lead the Way
To Simmer canty, braw and gay :

Edina's Sons mair eithly share,
 Her Spices and her Dainties rare,
 Than he that's never yet been call'd
 Aff frae his Pladie or his Fauld.

Now Stairhead Critics, senseless Fools,
 CENSURE their AIM, and PRIDE their Rules,
 In Luckenbooths, wi' glouring Eye,
 Their Neighbours sma'est Faults descry :
 If ony Loun should dander there,
 Of aukward Gate, and foreign Air,
 They trace his Steps, till they can tell
 His PEDIGREE as weel's himsell.

WHAN Phœbus blinks wi' warmer Ray,
 And Schools at Noonday get the play,
 Then Bus'ness, weighty Bus'ness, comes ;
 The Trader glours ; he doubts, he hums :
 The Lawyers eke to Cross repair,
 Their Wigs to shaw, and toss an Air ;
 While busy Agent closely plies,
 And a' his kittle Cases tries.

Now Night, that's cunzied chief for Fun,
 Is wi' her usual Rites begun ;
 Thro' ilka Gate the Torches blaze,
 And Globes send out their blinking Rays.
 The usfu' Cadie plies in Street,
 To bide the Profits o' his Feet ;
 For by thir Lads Auld Reikie's Fock
 Ken but a SAMPLE, o' the Stock

O' Thieves, that nightly wad opprefs,
 And make baith Goods and Gear the lefs.
 Near him the lazy Chairman stands,
 And wats na how to turn his Hands,
 Till some daft Birky, ranting fu',
 Has Matters somewhere else to do ;
 The Chairman willing, gi'es his Light
 To Deeds o' darknefs and o' Night :

IT's never Sax Pence for a Lift
 That gars thir Lads wi' fu'nefs rift ;
 For they wi' better Gear are paid,
 And WHORES and CULLS support their Trade.

NEAR some Lamp-post, wi' dowy Face,
 Wi' heavy Ein, and sour Grimace,
 Stands she that Beauty lang had kend,
 Whoredom her Trade, and Vice her End.
 But see wharenow she wuns her Bread,
 By that which Nature ne'er decreed ;
 And sings sad Music to the Lugs,
 'Mang Burachs of damn'd Whores and Rogues.
 Whane'er we Reputation los,.
 Fair Chastity's tranfparent glofs,
 Redemption feenil kens the Name
 But a's black Misery and Shame.

FRAE joyous Tavern, reeling drunk,
 Wi' fiery Phizz, and Ein half sunk,
 Behad the Bruiser, Fae to a'
 That in the Reek o' Gardies fa' :
 Close by his Side, a fecklefs Race
 O' Macaronies shew their Face,

And

And think they're free frae Skaith or Harm,
 While Pith befriends their Leaders Arm :
 Yet fearfu' aften o' their Maught,
 They quatt the Glory o' the Faught
 To this fame Warrior wha led
 Thae Heroes to bright Honour's Bed ;
 And aft the hack o' Honour shines
 In Bruiser's Face wi' broken Lines :
 Of them sad Tales he tells anon,
 Whan Ramble and whan Fighting's done ;
 And, like Hectorian, ne'er impairs
 The Brag and Glory o' his Sairs.

WHAN Feet in dirty Gutters plash,
 And Fock to wale their Fitstaps fash ;
 At Night the Macaroni drunk,
 In Pools or Gutters astitmes sunk :
 Hegh ! what a Fright he now appears,
 Whan he his Corpse dejected rears !
 Look at that Head, and think if there
 The Pomet flaster'd up his Hair !
 The Cheeks observe, where now cou'd shine
 The scancing Glories o' Carmine ?
 Ah, Legs ! in vain the Silk-worm there
 Display'd to View her eidant Care ;
 For Stink, instead of Perfumes, grow,
 And clarty Odours fragrant flow.

Now some to Porter, some to Punch,
 Some to their Wife, and some their Wench,
 Retire, while noisy Ten-hours Drum
 Gars a' your Trades gae dandring Home.

Now

Now mony a Club, jocosé and free,
Gi'e a' to Merriment and Glee :
Wi' Sang and Glas, they fley the Pow'r
O' Care that wad harrafs the Hour :
For Wine and Bacchus still bear down
Our thrawart Fortunes wildest Frown :
It maks you stark, and bauld, and brave,
Ev'n whan descending to the Grave.

Now some, in PANDEMONIUM's Shade,
Resume the Gormandizing Trade ;
Whare eager LOOKS, and glancing EIN,
Forespeak a HEART and STAMACK keen.
Gang on, my Lads ; it's lang sin syne
We kent auld EPICURUS' Line ;
Save you the BOARD wad cease to rise,
Bedight wi' DAIN'TITHS to the Skies ;
And Salamanders cease to swill
The COMFORTS of a BURNING Gill.

BUT chief, O CAPE, we crave thy Aid,
To get our Cares and Poortith laid :
Sincerity, and Genius true,
Of Knights have ever been the due :
Mirth, Music, Porter deepest dy'd,
Are never here to Worth deny'd ;
And Health, o' Happiness the Queen,
Blinks bonny, wi' her Smile serene.

THO' joy maist Part Auld Reikie owns,
Efftsoons she kens sad sorrows Frowns ;

What

What Group is yon fae dismal grim,
 Wi' Horrid Aspect, cleeding Dim?
 Says Death, They'r mine, a dowy Crew,
 To me they'll quickly pay their last Adieu.

How come Mankind, whan lacking Woe,
 In Saulie's Face their Heart to shew,
 As if they were a Clock, to tell
 That Grief in them had rung her Bell?
 Then, what is Man? why a' this Phraze?
 Life's Spunk decay'd, nae mair can blaze,
 Let sober Grief alone declare
 Our fond Anxiety and Care:
 Nor Let the Undertakers be
 The only waefu' Friends we see.

COME on, my Muse, and then rehearse
 The gloomiest Theme in a' your Verse:
 In Morning, whan ane keeks about,
 Fu' blyth and free frae Ail, nae doubt
 He lippens not to be misled
 Among the Regions of the dead:
 But straight a painted Corp he sees,
 Lang streekit 'neath its Canopies.
 Soon, soon will this his Mirth controul,
 And send Damnation to his Soul:
 Or when the Dead-deal, (awful Shape!)
 Makes frightened Mankind girn and gape,
 Reflection then his Reason fours,
 For the niest Dead-deal may be ours.
 Whan Sybil led the Trojan down
 To haggard PLUTO's dreary Town,

Shapes war nor thae, I freely ween
Cou'd never meet the Soldier's Ein.

IF Kail fae green, or Herbs, delight,
Edina's Street attracts the Sight;
Not Covent-garden, clad fae braw,
Mair fouth o' Herbs can eithly shaw:
For mony a Yeard is here fair sought,
That Kail and Cabbage may be bought;
And healthfu' Sallad to regale,
Whan pamper'd wi' a heavy Meal.
Glour up the Street in Simmer Morn,
The Birks fae green, and sweet Brier-thorn,
Wi' sprangit Flow'rs that scent the Gale,
Ca' far awa the Morning Smell,
Wi' which our Ladies Flow'r-pat's fill'd,
And every noxious Vapour kill'd.
O Nature! canty, blyth and free,
Whare is there Keeking-glass like thee?
Is there on Earth that can compare
Wi' Mary's Shape, and Mary's Air,
Save the empurpl'd Speck, that grows
In the fast Faulds of yonder Rose?
How bonny seems the Virgin Breast,
Whan by the Lillies here carest,
And leaves the Mind in doubt to tell
Which maist in Sweets and Hue excel?

GILLESPIE'S Snuff should prime the Nose
Of her that to the Market goes,
If they wad like to shun the Smells
That buoy up frae markeft Cells;

Whare

Whare Wames o' Paunches fav'ry scent
 To Nostrils gi'e great Discontent.
 Now wha in Albion could expect
 O' Cleanliness sic great Neglect?
 Nae Hottentot that daily lairs
 Mang Tripe, or ither clarty Wares,
 Hath ever yet conceiv'd, or seen
 Beyond the Line, sic Scenes unclean.

ON Sunday here, an alter'd Scene
 O' Men and Manners meets our Ein:
 Ane wad maist trow some People chose
 To change their Faces wi' their Clo'es,
 And fain wad gar ilk Neighbour think
 They thirst for Goodness, as for Drink:
 But there's an unco Dearth o' Grace,
 That has nae Mansion but the Face,
 And never can obtain a Part
 In benmost Corner of the Heart.
 Why should Religion make us sad,
 If good frae Virtue's to be had?
 Na, rather gleefu' turn your Face;
 Forsake Hypocrisy, Grimace;
 And never have it understood
 You fleg Mankind frae being good.

IN Afternoon, a' brawly buskit,
 The Joes and Lasses loe to frisk it:
 Some take a great delight to place
 The modest Bongrace o'er the Face;
 Tho' you may see, if so inclin'd,
 The turning o' the Leg behind.

Now

Now Comely-Garden, and the Park
 Refresh them, after Forenoon's Wark;
 Newhaven, Leith, or Canon-mills,
 Supply them in their Sunday's Gills;
 Whare Writers aften spend their Pence,
 To stock their Heads wi' Drink and Sense.

WHILE dandring Cits delight to stray
 To Castlehill, or Public Way,
 Whare they nae other Purpose mean,
 Than that Fool Cause o' being seen;
 Let me to ARTHUR'S SEAT pursue,
 Whare bonny Pastures meet the View;
 And mony a Wild-lorn Scene accrues,
 Befitting WILLIE SHAKESPEARE'S Muse:
 If Fancy there would join the Thrang,
 The defart Rocks and Hills amang,
 To Echoes we should lilt and play,
 And gi'e to MIRTH the lee-lang Day.

OR shou'd some canker'd biting Show'r
 The Day and a' her Sweets deflour,
 To Holy-rood-house let me stray,
 And gi'e to musing a' the Day;
 Lamenting what auld SCOTLAND knew
 Bien Days for ever frae her View:
 O HAMILTON, for shame! the Muse
 Would pay to thee her couthy Vows,
 Gin ye wad tent the humble Strain,
 And gi'es our Dignity again:
 For O, waes me! the Thistle springs
 In DOMICILE of ancient Kings,

Without

Without a Patriot, to regrete
Our PALACE, and our ancient STATE.

BLEST Place! whar DEBTORS dayly run,
To rid themselves frae Jail and Dun;
Here, tho' sequester'd frae the Din
That rings AULD REIKIE'S Waas within,
Yet they may tread the funny Braes,
And brook Apollo's cheery Rays;
Glour frae St. ANTHON's grassy Hight,
D'er Vales in Simmer Claife bedight,
Nor ever hing their Head, I ween,
Wi' jealous Fear o' being seen.
May I, whanever DUNS come nigh,
And shake my Garret wi' their Cry,
Scour here wi' Haste, Protection get,
To screen mysell frae them and Debt;
To breathe the Blis of open Sky,
And SIMON FRASER's Bolts defy.

Now gin a Lown should ha'e his Claife
In Thread-bare Autumn o' their Days,
St. MARY, Brokers Guardian Saint,
Will satisfy ilk Ail and Want;
For mony a hungry Writer, there
Dives down at Night, wi' cleading bare,
And quickly rises to the View
A Gentleman, perfyte and new.
Ye rich Fock, look no wi' Disdain
Upon this ancient Brokage Lane,
For naked Poets are supplied,
With what you to their Wants deny'd.

PEACE

PEACE to thy Shade, thou wale o' Men,
 DRUMMOND! Relief to Poortith's Pain:
 To thee the greatest Bliss we owe,
 And Tribute's Tear shall grateful flow:
 The Sick are cur'd, the Hungry fed,
 And Dreams of Comfort tend their Bed:
 As lang as FORTH weets LOTHIAN'S Shore,
 As lang's on FIFE her Billows roar,
 Sae lang shall ilk whase Country's dear,
 To thy Remembrance gi'e a Tear.
 By thee AULD REIKIE thrave, and grew
 Delightfu' to her Childers View:
 Nae mair shall GLASGOW Striplings threap
 Their City's Beauty and its Shape,
 While our New City spreads around
 Her bonny Wings on Fairy Ground.

END of CANTO I.